Senior Recital: Kelly Timko, soprano

Kelly Timko

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1915: The Woman Left at Home
Senior Recital:
Kelly Timko, soprano
Alexander Greenberg, collaborative piano

Ford Hall
Friday, October 2nd, 2015
7:00 pm
1915: The Woman Left at Home
Happiness:

Juni

Paysage Sentimental

Il Bacio

Self-Doubt and Confidence:

Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre from Joshua

La Zingara

Lust:

C'est l'extase

Ouvre ton Coeur

Animal Passion

Intermission

Love:

Ah Love! But a Day

A Te

L'Orgia

Anger:

Als Luise die Briefe

Donal Oge

Grief, Death, and Loss:

In der Fremde

C

Bleuet

Morire?

Joy:

Joy

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Kelly Timko is from the studio of Marc Webster.
Translations
Juni

O juntage im Sonnenschein, Oh June days in the sunshine,
Im flutenden wolkenlosen! in the sun flooding cloudless days!
Bunt blumige Wiesen unt blühender Colorfully flowering meadows and
wein! flowering wine!
Und inden Gärten, land aus, land ein, And in the garden, country out, country
Herzkirschen und Rosen! Heart-ease and roses!
Herzkirschen und rotten, und blühend Heart-ease and roses, and blooming on
am Hang the slope,
Resedaduftende reben! mignonette fragrant vines!
Die Nächte so weich und tie Tage so The night is soft, and the days so long!
lang! So beaming the brow, so bright the
So wonig das Leben! So blissful the life!
Die geissblattlauben voll heimlichem The honeysuckle filled with a secret
Schall, sound,
Voll leisem flüsterndem Kosen. filled with soft whispering caresses.
Und jeder Lufthauch ein duftessschwall, And every breath of air a fragrant
torrent
Und überall Segen und überall, And everywhere blessing and
everywhere,
Herzkirschen und rosen! Heart-ease and roses!

Paysage Sentimental

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si The winter sky, so sweet, so sad, so
dormant,
Où le soleil errait parmi de vapeurs Where the sun wandered among the
blanche, white mists,
Etait pareil au doux, au profond Was similar to the gentle, the deep
sentiment feeling
Qui nous rendait heureux Which made us happy, but melancholy
mélancoliquement
Par cet après midi de baisers sous les On that afternoon of kisses beneath the
branches.
Branches mortes qu'au cun souffle ne Dead branches by any breath of air not
remuait stirred
Branches noires avec quel que feuille Dark branches with some withered
fanée leaves
Ah! que ta bouche s'est à ma bouche Ah! How your mouth gives itself to mine
donée
Plus tendrement encor dans ce grand More tenderly even in the large silent
bois mutet woods
Et dans cette langueur de la mort de And in that languour of the year's death
l'année
La mort de tout sinon de toi que The death of everything except you who
j'aimeant I love so much
Et sinon du bonheur dont mon âme est And except the happiness from which
comblée overflows my heart
Bonheur qui dort au fond de cette âme Happiness which sleeps in the depths of
isolée this lonely soul
Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme Mysterious, peaceful and cool like the
l’étang
Qui pâlissait au fond de la pâle vallée.
Which grew pale in the depths of the pale valley.

Il Bacio

Sulle labbra se potessi dolce un bacio ti darei!
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dall'amor!
Sempre assisa te d'appresso, mille gaudi ti direi!
Ed i palpitii unirei che rispondono al mio cor.
Gemme e perle non desir, non son vaga d'altro affetto.
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
Un tuo bacio è il mio tesor.
Ah! Vieni! ah vien! più non tardare!
Nell'ebbrezza d'un ampeso ch'io viva sol d'amor!
If I could only give you a kiss on your lips,
it would tell you all the delights of love!
Always seated near you, a thousand joys I would say.
The throbbing I would hear answer back to my heart.
Gems and pearls I do not desire, nor other's affections.
One glance is my delight,
one of your kisses is my treasure.
Ah! Come! Do not delay!
Let us enjoy love's life-giving intoxication.

La Zingara

La zingara! Fra l'erbe cosparse di roride gelo,
Coverta del solo gran manto del cielo,
Mia madre esultando la vita mi diè.
Fanciulla, sui grepi le capre emulai,
Per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai,
Le dame lor palme distesero a me.
Io loro predissi le cose non note,
Ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate,
Segreti conobbi, di sdegno d'amor.
Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello;
Mai visto non fummi garzone più bella;
Oh! S'ei nella destra leggessimi il cor!
The gypsy girl! On grass sprinkled with frozen dew,
Covered only by the large mantle of the sky,
My mother rejoicing the life she gave me!
A young girl emulated the goats on the cliffs,
Through towns and cities, I grew up, I danced,
The ladies extended their palms to me.
I would predict for them things unnoticed,
Some I made sad, some I made happy,
Secrets I knew of anger, of love.
One day, a page offered his hand to me;
I had never seen such an attractive, handsome boy;
If only he would read my heart from my right hand!

C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse.
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises.
C'est vers les ramures grises,
Le choeur des petites voix.
O, le frêle et frais murmure
Ce la gazouille et susure
Ce la ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire.
It is the languorous ecstasy,
It is the amorous fatigue.
It is all the tremors of the forest
Amid the embrace of the breezes.
It is around the gray branches,
The choir of little voices.
Oh, the frail and fresh murmuring
That twittering and whispering
That resembles the soft cry
That the ruffled grass expired.
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.
Cette âme qui se lamente
Encette plainte dormante.
C'est la nôtre, n'estce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Parce tiède soir tout bas.

You might say, under the swirling water
It was the muffled sound of the rolling pebbles.
This sould which mourns
in the lament dormant.
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours
from which exhales the humble anthem
on this warm evening very softly.

Ouvre ton Coeur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.
Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed its eyes for the day.
Beauty, will you speak with me?
Open your heart to my love.
Open your heart, o young angel, to my flame
So that a dream may enchant your sleep.
I wish to reclaim my soul,
As a flower turns to the sun!

A Te

Oh! Quant'io t'amo!
In me forte e il desio!
Forte e il desio di farti palpitar
Di stringerti al cuor mio.
Da te così lontano
Io soffro, io soffro assai
Ne pace io trovo mai
Perché troppo e l'amor.
O mia vittoria, o mio tesoro
O bene mio, o mio sol pensiero
E dammi un bacio e il mondo intiero
E mi farai tutto obbliar
Ø mio vittoria, o mio tesoro sara
E dammi un bacio e il mondo intiero
E mi farai tosto obbliar

Oh! How very much I love you!
How strong is the desire in me!
How strong is the desire to fill you with excitement
To hold you tightly to my heart.
When I am faraway from you
I suffer, I suufer so much
Nor do I ever find peace
Because my love for you is so strong.
Oh my victory, oh my darling
My beloved, my one and only thought
Give me a kiss and that will make me
Forget the whole world around me.
Oh my victory, you will be my treasure
Give me a kiss and that will make me
Quickly forget the whole world.

L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo, le donne e i liquor,
Gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed Amor!
Se amore ho nel core, ho il vin nella testa,
Che gioia, che festa, che amabile ardor!
Amando, scherzando, trincando liquor,
Let's love, let's sing to women and wine,
Life is pleasant between Bacchus and Cupid!
If I have love in my heart, I have wine in my head,
What a joy, what a party, what sweet passion!
Loving, joking, drinking liquor,
M'avvampo, mi scampo, da noie e dolor! I burn, I escape from boredom and sorrow!

Cantiam gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed Amor! Let's sing life is pleasant between Bacchus and Cupid!

Danziamo, cantiamo, alziamo il bicchier, Let's dance, let's sing, let's raise the glass,

Ridiam, sfidiam i tristi pensier. Let's laugh, let's challenge the sad thoughts.

Cantiam, ridiam... Let's sing, let's laugh...

Regina divina la madre d'Amor, Queen divine, mother of love,

Giuliva rinova ogni cor. With joy renew every heart

Balzante, spumante con vivo bolor And divine wine the lord of the world.

è il vino divino del mondo signor Already I-dance, I-stagger, what fragrance and aroma!

Già ballo, tra ballo, che odor, che vapor! One drinks, drinks again, with holy frenzy.

Si beva, ri beva, con sacro furor. Hurray hurray for women and liquor

Evviva evviva le donne e il liquor Life is pleasant between Bacchus and Cupid!

la vita è compita fra Bacco ed Amor.

In der Fremde

Aus der heimat hinter den blitzen rot, From the homeland behind the lightning rod,

Da kommen die volken her. There come the clouds here.

Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot, But father and mother are long dead

Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr. And no one knows me there anymore.

Wie bald, ach, wie bald kommt die stille time,

Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir Then I also rest, and over me

Rauscht die schöne waldeinsamkeit, Rustles the beautiful forest solitude,

Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier. And no one will know me here anymore.

Als Luise die Briefe

Erzuegt von heisser phantasie, Created from a passionate fantasy,

In einer schwärmerischen stunde In a rapturous hour

Zur welt gebrachte, geht zu grunde! brought into the world, go to the ground!

Ihr kinder der melancholie! You children of melancholy!

Ihr danket flammen euer sein; You owe the flames your existence;

Ich gep' euch nun den flammer wieder, I give you now back to the flames,

Und all die schwärmerischen lieder; And all the rapturous songs;

Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein. For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

Ihr brennet nun, und balt, ihr lieben, You burn now, and soon, dear ones,

Ist keine spur von euch mehr hier; There will be no trace of you here anymore;

Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben, Yet ah! the Man, who wrote you,

Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir. Will still perhaps burn for a long time in me.
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.
C'est là que tout a commencé.
Une chanson des temps passés
Parle d'un chevalier blessé
D'une rose sur la chaussée
Et d'un corsage délacé.
Du chateau d'un duc insensé
Et des cygnes dans les fossés.
De la prairie où vient danser
Une éternelle fiancée.
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé
Le long lai des gloires fausées.
La Loire emporte mes pensées
Avec les voitures versées
Et les armes désamorcées.
O ma France, ô ma délaissées!
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

Jeune homme du vingt ans
Qui as vu des choses si affreuses,
Que pensestu des hommes
de ton enfance?
Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse,
Tu as vu la mort en face
Plus de cent fois.
Tu ne sais pas
Ce que c'est que la vie.
Transmet ton intrépidité
A ceux qui viendront après toi.
Jeune homme, tu es joyeux,
Ta mémoire est ensanglantée,
Ton âme et rouge aussi de joie.
Tu as absorbé la vie
De ceux qui sont morts près de toi.
Tu as de la décision.
Il est dix sept heures
Et tu saurais mourir,
Si non mieux que tes aînés,
Du moins plus pieusement,
Car tu connais mieux la mort que la vie.

O douceur d'autre fois,
Lenteur immémorialiale!

Morire?
Morire? E chi la sa qual è la vita?
Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta,
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,
To die? And who knows what is life?
Is it this one that opens, shining and pure,
o quella che in rinunce s'è assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come ammonimento,
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua meta,
o non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta

fede d'avere per desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so. Ma voi che siete
all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,
son certo lo saprete.

or is it the one that dozed off in
renunciations?

Is it the bashful and calm simplicity
that is handed down as a warning,
like a secret of a secret life
so that everyone can reach his goal,
or rather the lively flash
of new dreams over old dreams,
and the overwhelmed peace and the
inexhaustible

faith you need to have in order to
desire?

There, I don't know. But you who are
on the other side, on the vast shore
where the flower of life blossoms -
I am sure you know.